

ACTION

A dramatic illustration of a motorcycle stunt rider in mid-fall. The rider, wearing a dark jacket and a yellow helmet, is tumbling through the air. The motorcycle is disintegrated, with its wheels and frame separated. The background is a fiery, orange-red wall, suggesting a stunt performed on a 'Wall of Death'.

PICTURE
LIBRARY

No.7 One Shilling



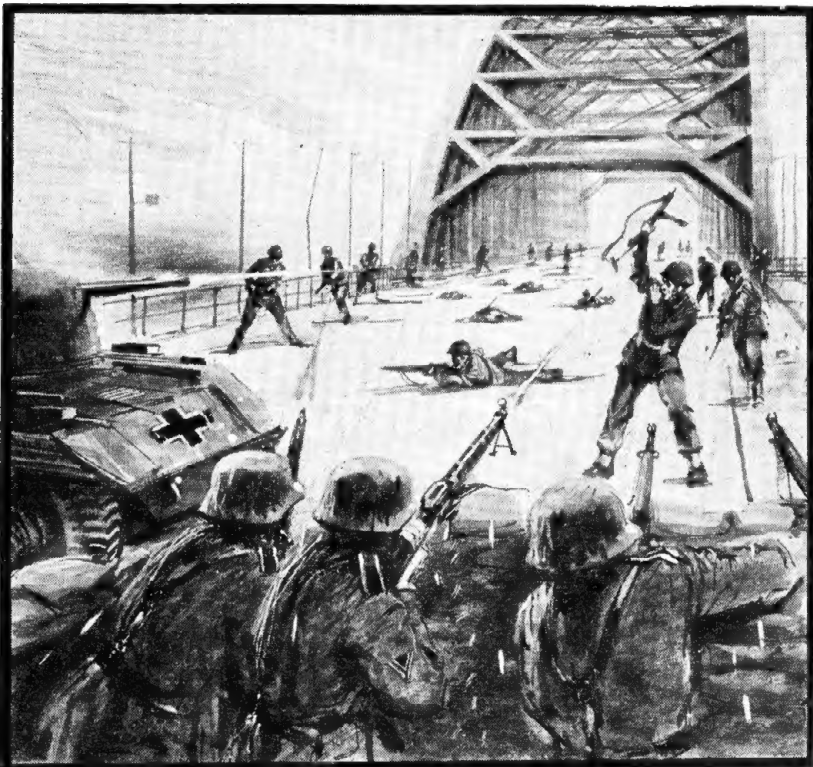
DEADLY
DANGER AMID
CIRCUS THRILLS!

WALL of DEATH

MEN OF ACTION...

who displayed cool courage in the heat of battle

LIEUTENANT JOHN GRAYBURN of the Parachute Regiment was dropped with his platoon on the 17th September, 1944, with orders to take the bridge at Arnhem. He led the assault against heavy fire from the enemy and was almost immediately wounded. Despite his wound, Grayburn continued to attack until heavy casualties forced him to withdraw. Throughout the following days he led his men magnificently—



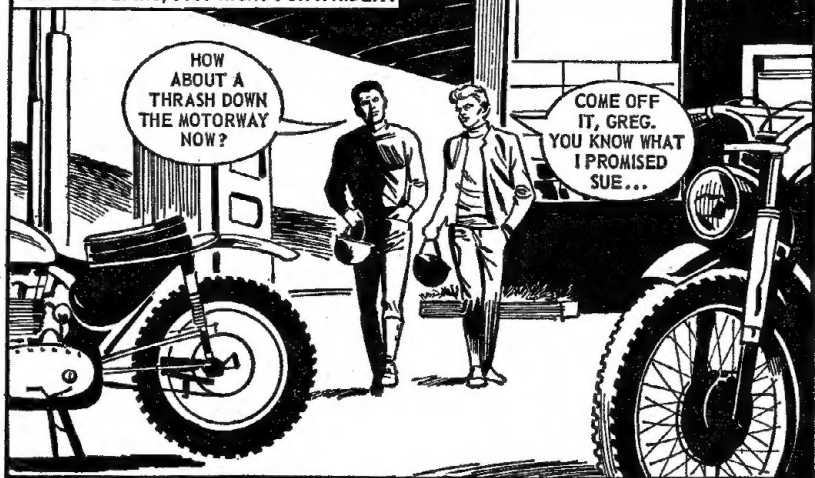
constantly exposing himself to the enemy's fire while encouraging his men. Finally he occupied a house vital to the defence of the bridge. This he held until an enemy tank came so close that the position became untenable. Despite being once again wounded he brought his men to safety, but he was killed on the night of the withdrawal. For his supreme gallantry over a period of three days, Lieutenant Grayburn was awarded the Victoria Cross.

WALL OF DEATH

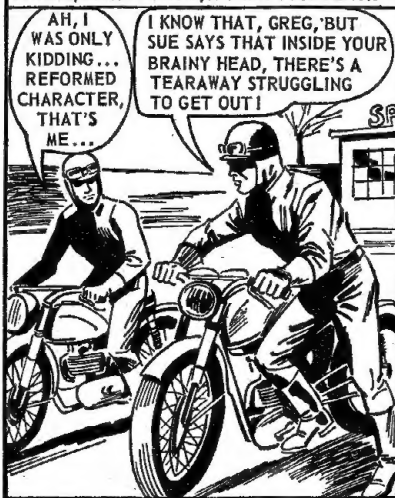
FOR THE SPELLBOUND AUDIENCE, A CIRCUS MEANS THRILLS AND GLAMOUR — FOR THE PERFORMERS IT MEANS SAWDUST AND SWEAT. BUT FOR GREG LOMAX, THE CIRCUS MEANT MURDER...



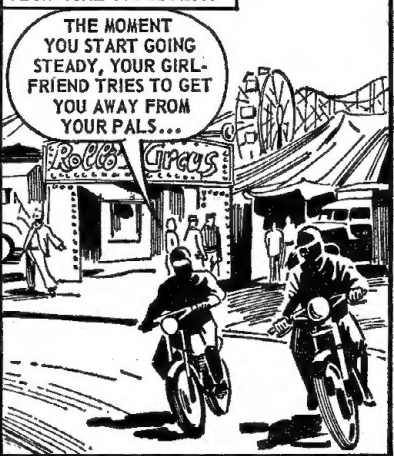
THE TWO YOUNGSTERS HAD EATEN A MEAL IN A MOTORWAY CAFÉ ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE NORTH-EASTERN CITY OF COLEPORT. IT WAS A WARM SUMMER EVENING, JUST RIGHT FOR A RIDE...



GREG LOMAX WAS NINETEEN, AND HIS FRIEND, NICKY MARTIN, A YEAR YOUNGER...

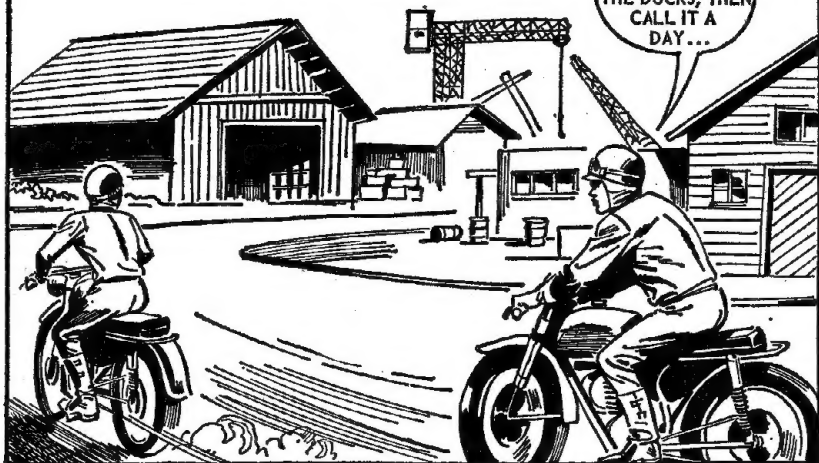


GREG HAD A NOT-UNJUSTIFIED REPUTATION FOR RECKLESSNESS, BUT HE HAD SOBERED DOWN A LOT SINCE LEAVING THE COLEPORT TECHNICAL COLLEGE...



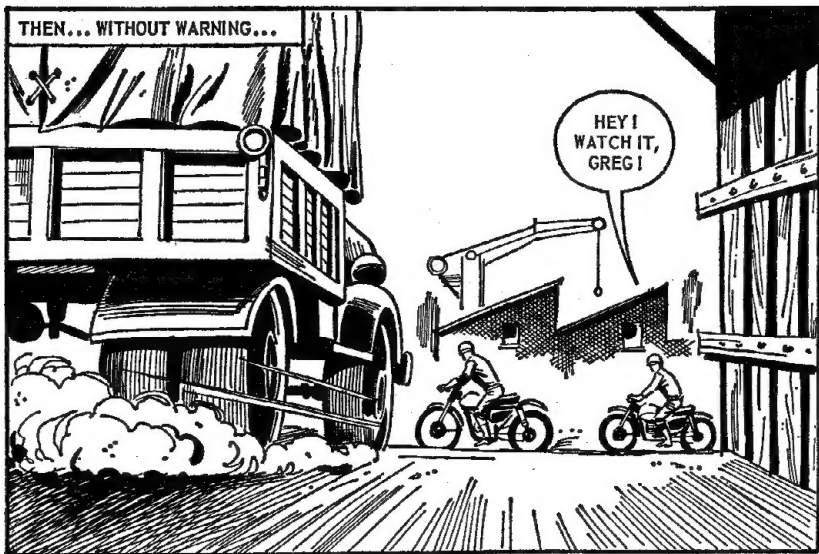
THE TWO YOUNGSTERS WERE CRUISING STEADILY AS THEY TURNED ON TO THE ROAD WHICH LED THROUGH THE DOCK AREA...

WE'LL
DETOUR ROUND
THE DOCKS, THEN
CALL IT A
DAY...



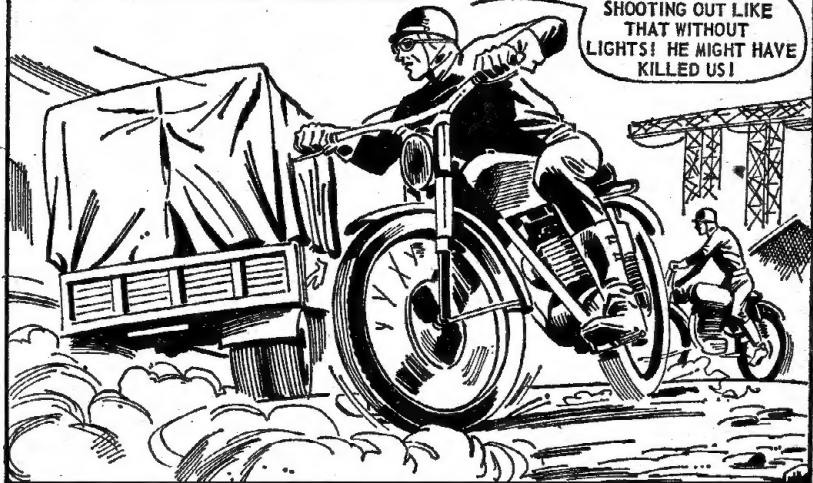
THEN... WITHOUT WARNING...

HEY!
WATCH IT,
GREG!



GREG WRENCHED HIS BIKE AWAY, FIGHTING THE SKID, AS THE DARKENED TRUCK SWEEPED ON UP THE ROAD WITH A CRASH OF GEARS...

DARN MANIAC, SHOOTING OUT LIKE THAT WITHOUT LIGHTS! HE MIGHT HAVE KILLED US!



NICKY WOULD HAVE LEFT IT AT THAT, BUT GREG WAS A TOUGHER CHARACTER WITH A MORE STUBBORN TEMPER. SLAMMING THE THROTTLE OPEN HE SET OFF IN PURSUIT OF THE SPEEDING TRUCK...

I'LL TEAR STRIPS OFF THAT PINHEAD OF A DRIVER!



THERE WERE THREE MEN IN THE TRUCK'S CAB —
THREE MEN WITH SOMETHING TO HIDE...

THEY'RE
COMING AFTER
US, BOSS...

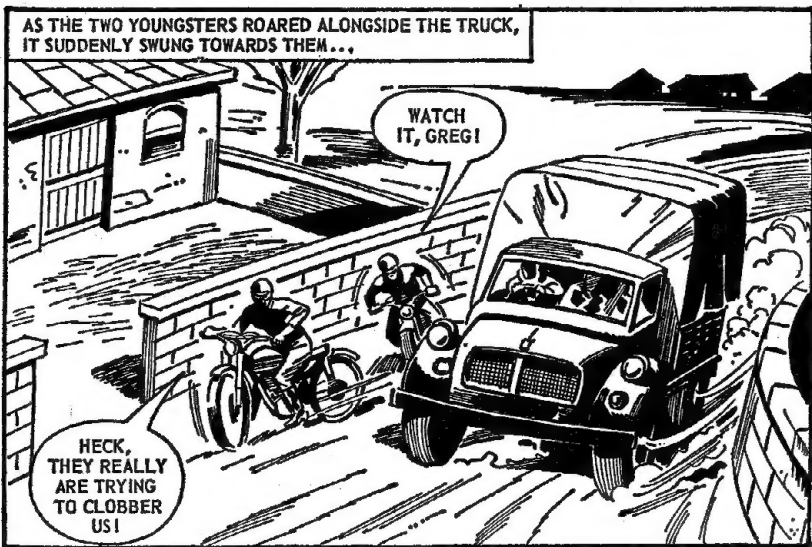
THE DARN
KIDS WOULD BE
STOOGING AROUND
WHEN WE LEFT
THE WAREHOUSE...
IT'S BAD LUCK...
FOR THEM...



AS THE TWO YOUNGSTERS ROARED ALONGSIDE THE TRUCK,
IT SUDDENLY SWUNG TOWARDS THEM...

WATCH
IT, GREG!

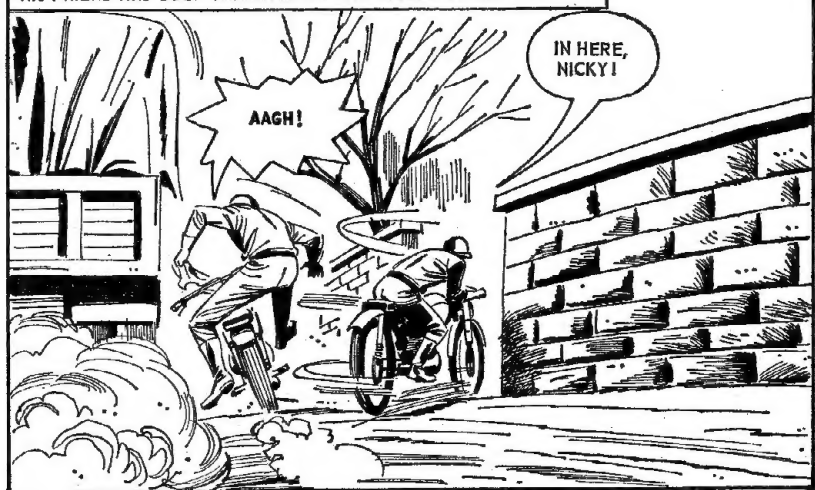
HECK,
THEY REALLY
ARE TRYING
TO CLOBBER
US!



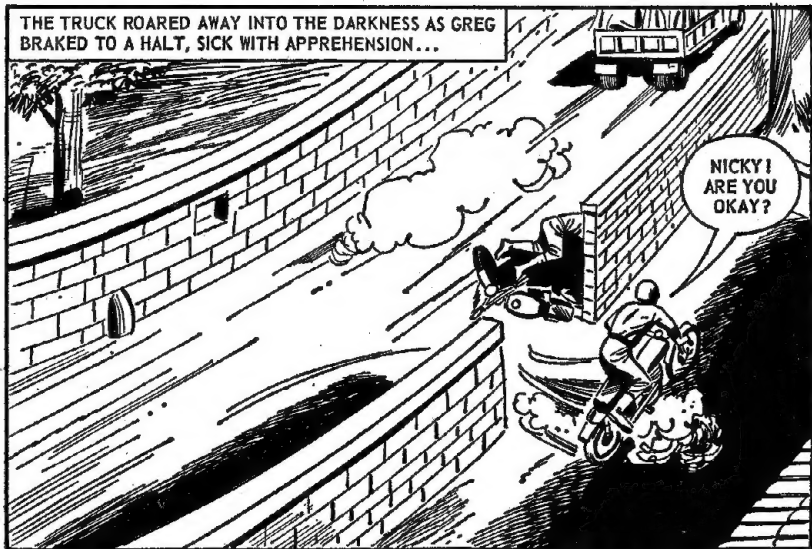
THE TRUCK'S MANOEUVRE WAS A DELIBERATE AND COLD-BLOODED ATTEMPT TO RUN DOWN THE TWO YOUNGSTERS...



LUCK AND AN ICE-COLD NERVE SAVED GREG FROM DISASTER... BUT HIS FRIEND HAD BEEN UNNERVED BY THE SUDDEN DANGER...



THE TRUCK ROARED AWAY INTO THE DARKNESS AS GREG
BRAKED TO A HALT, SICK WITH APPREHENSION...



NICKY WAS LYING HUDDLED BESIDE THE
WALL, DEATHLY STILL...



GREG WAS JUST ABOUT TO RIDE FOR HELP,
WHEN A POLICE CAR ON A ROUTINE PATROL
CAME CRUISING ALONG THE DOCK ROAD...



THE INCIDENT WAS ROUTINE TO THE TWO POLICEMEN...

HE'S OUT COLD, BUT STILL ALIVE. WHISTLE UP AN AMBULANCE, TOM.

RHINO THREE TO CONTROL. WE'VE GOT AN ACCIDENT IN DOCK ROAD - ONE CASUALTY...

AS GREG STARTED TO TELL HIS STORY, THE CAR-RADIO BROKE IN...

LOMAX, IS IT? HOW DID IT HAPPEN? HAVING A THRASH, WERE YOU?

NOW, LISTEN...

CONTROL TO RHINO THREE. BREAK-IN REPORTED FROM LANSKY'S WAREHOUSE IN YOUR AREA. NIGHT-WATCHMAN THINKS SUSPECTS DROVE OFF IN A TRUCK...

BUT WHEN GREG TOLD HIS STORY...

THIS TRUCK CAME SHOOTING OUT OF A WAREHOUSE AND NEARLY KNOCKED US DOWN. SO WE CHASED IT - AND THE DRIVER TRIED TO KILL US...

YEAH, WE HEARD THE RADIO MESSAGE TOO, LOMAX! STAY WITH HIM TILL THE AMBULANCE COMES, TOM!



AT THE COLEPORT GENERAL
HOSPITAL, AN HOUR LATER...

HOW IS HE,
DOCTOR?

WELL HE'S STILL IN A COMA - AND HE
MAY NOT COME OUT OF IT. BUT IF YOU
WILL SCORCH ABOUT ON THOSE BIKES OF
YOURS, THIS SORT OF
THING IS BOUND TO HAPPEN...



NICKY'S MOTHER, AND
HIS FIANCEE SUE
BARNARD, HAD JUST
ARRIVED...

I HOPE
YOU'RE
SATISFIED,
GREG! I WARNED
NICKY ABOUT
YOU, BUT HE SAID
YOU WERE HIS
FRIEND.
SOME
FRIEND!

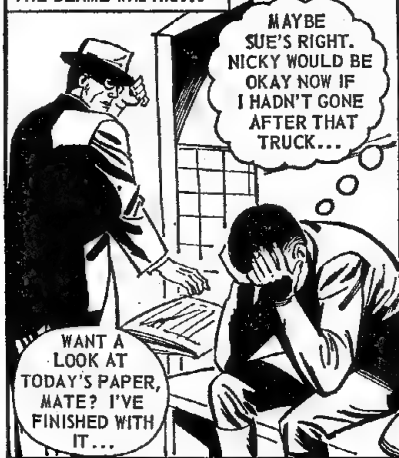
LOOK,
SUE, IT DIDN'T
HAPPEN
THE WAY YOU
THINK...



BUT LIKE THE POLICE, SUE THOUGHT IT WAS GREG'S RECKLESS RIDING WHICH HAD CAUSED THE ACCIDENT...



AS THE HOURS PASSED, WITHOUT ANY CHANGE IN NICKY'S GRAVE CONDITION, GREG BEGAN TO THINK THAT SOME OF THE BLAME WAS HIS...



THE CLOTH GREG HAD PICKED UP IN THE DOCK WAS STILL IN HIS POCKET. AN ITEM IN THE NEWSPAPER REMINDED HIM OF IT.



AT MIDDAY, GREG RODE OUT OF THE CITY TO THE FAIRGROUND HE AND NICKY HAD PASSED THE NIGHT BEFORE...



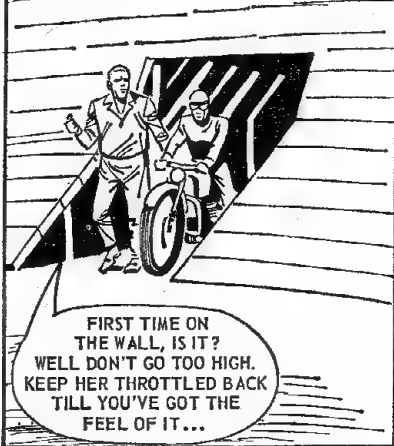
THE OWNER OF THE CIRCUS, JACK ROLLO, TOOK ONE LOOK AT THE LEATHER-JACKETED YOUTH ON THE POWERFUL MOTOR-BIKE AND GRINNED AMIABLY...



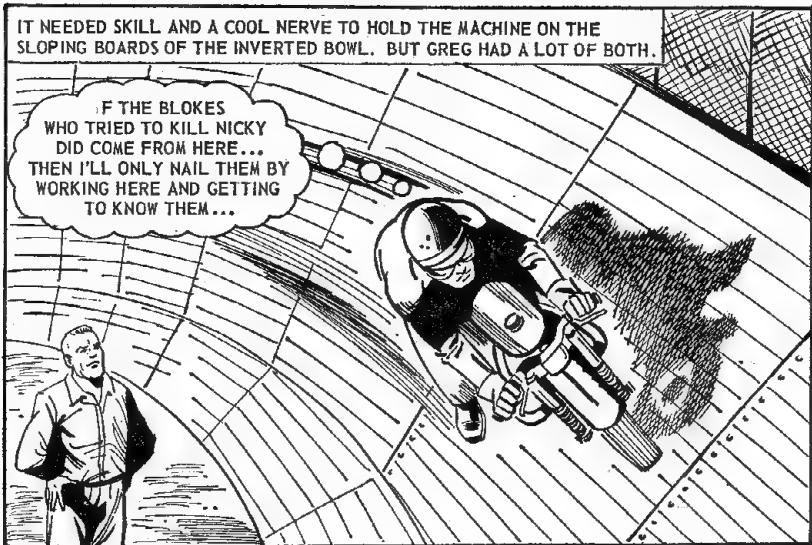
GREG DID NOT KNOW WHY ROLLO HAD ASSUMED HE WANTED THE WALL OF DEATH. BUT HE TOOK THE CHANCE OF LOOKING AROUND AND WENT THERE...



GREG ACCEPTED THE NUDGE FATE WAS GIVING HIM...



IT NEEDED SKILL AND A COOL NERVE TO HOLD THE MACHINE ON THE SLOPING BOARDS OF THE INVERTED BOWL. BUT GREG HAD A LOT OF BOTH.



GREG OPENED THE THROTTLE WARILY, GAINING SPEED AND HEIGHT UNTIL HE WAS FLASHING AROUND THE VERY TOP OF THE WALL A FEW FEET BELOW THE RIM...



WHEN GREG REACHED THE BOTTOM, BRAD CARSON SPOKE TO HIM SERIOUSLY...



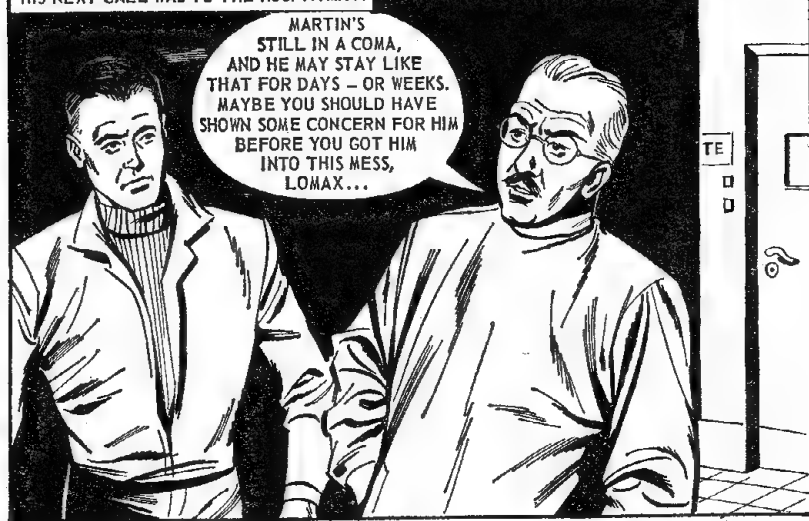
TWO HOURS LATER, GREG CALLED AT
POLICE HEADQUARTERS...



WITH THE ACCIDENT NOT CLEARED UP,
GREG KNEW HE HAD TO REPORT HIS
ABSENCE TO THE POLICE. HE NEED
NOT HAVE WORRIED...



HIS NEXT CALL WAS TO THE HOSPITAL...

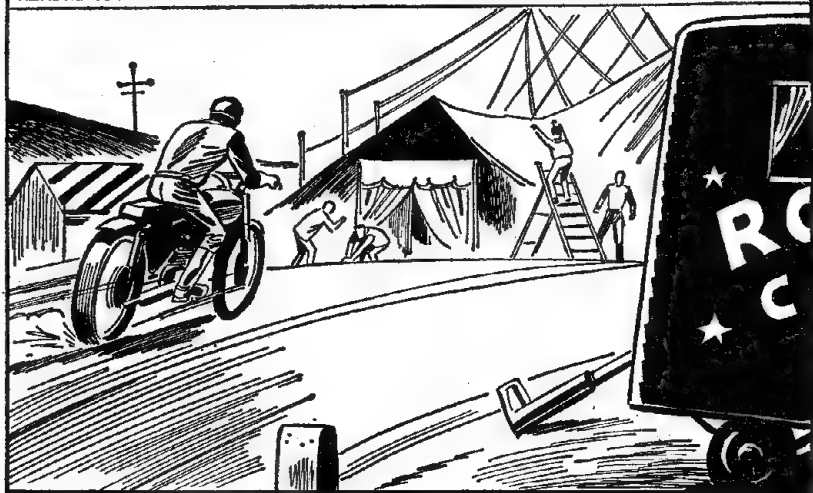


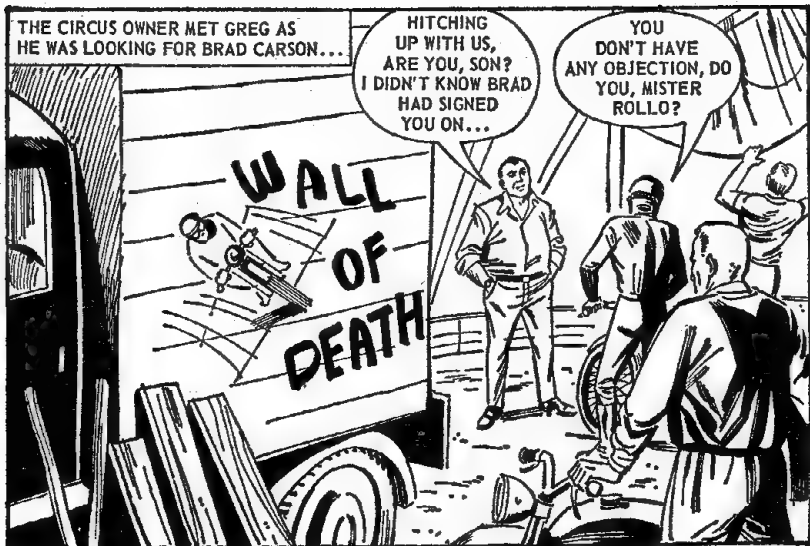
THE REACTION OF GREG'S EMPLOYER FINALLY DECIDED HIM ...

YOU WANT
YOUR CARDS,
LOMAX? WELL
I CAN'T SAY I'M
SURPRISED THAT YOU'RE
CLEARING OUT...
OR SORRY!

SO NO-ONE'S GOING
TO MISS ME IN COLEPORT.
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY I CAN
CLEAR MYSELF AND MAYBE
NAIL THE DEVILS WHO WERE
DRIVING THAT TRUCK...

THAT NIGHT, AS THE BIG TOP WAS BEING STRUCK ON THE FAIRGROUND, GREG LOMAX
HEADED OUT OF COLEPORT ON THE FIRST STAGE OF A JOURNEY INTO DANGER...





ROLLO'S CIRCUS MOVED OUT OF COLEPORT THE NEXT DAY, A SLOW CONVOY MOVING SOUTH TOWARDS A GRIMY INDUSTRIAL TOWN...

WE'LL BE THREE WEEKS IN KILVERTON, TIME TO IRON OUT SOME OF THE KINKS IN THE SHOW! DRESS REHEARSAL TOMORROW BEFORE THE FIRST PERFORMANCE!



THE NEXT DAY, IMPATIENT TO BEGIN HIS INVESTIGATION, GREG GOT TIME OFF FROM PRACTICE AND MADE FOR THE BIG TOP...

I'VE GOT TO CHECK OUT THAT CLUE I FOUND... THE SCRAP OF CLOTH WITH THE SEQUINS ON IT...



THE DRESS REHEARSAL WAS IN PROGRESS,
AND THE SHADOWY ALLEYWAYS BEHIND
THE MAIN RING WERE DESERTED...



GREG SOON FOUND WHAT HE WAS
LOOKING FOR...



GREG WENT TO LIFT THE COSTUME OFF ITS PEG WHEN A GROTESQUE
FACE THRUST ITSELF WITH HEART-STOPPING SUDDENNESS BETWEEN THE RACKS...



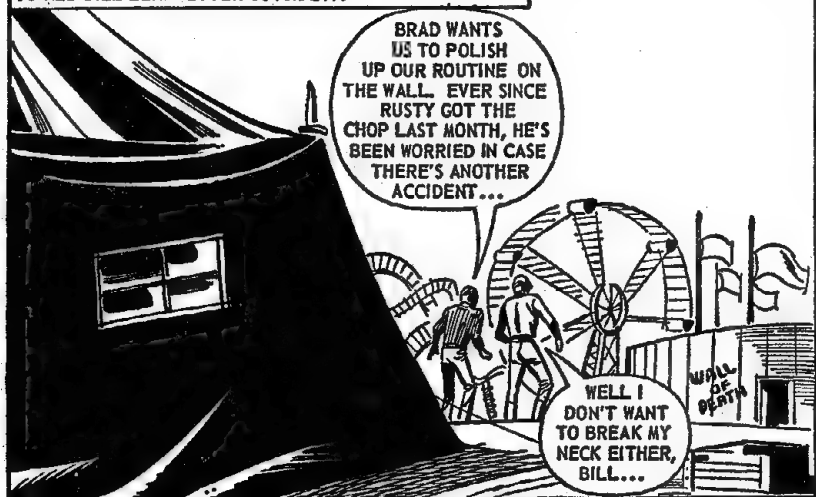
THE CLOWN LUNGED AT GREG FIERCELY, CLUTCHING FOR THE SCRAP OF CLOTH HE HELD ...



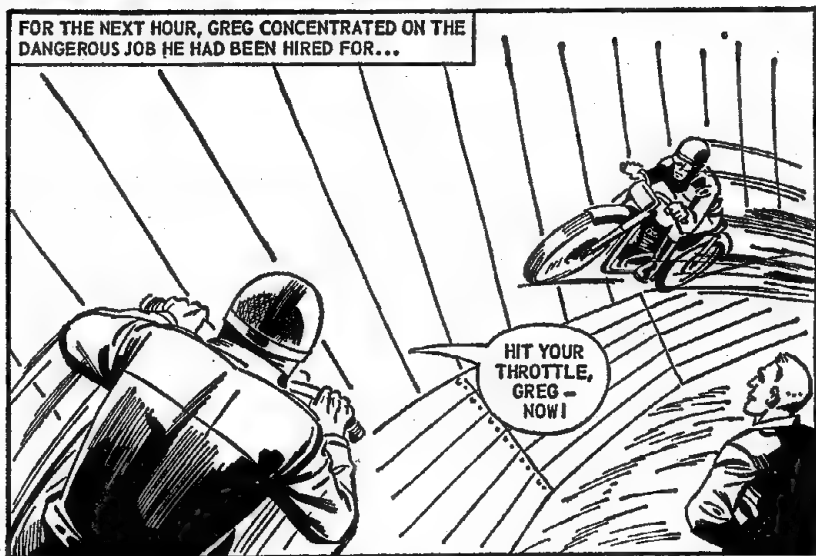
SUDDENLY GREG'S CO-RIDER ON THE WALL OF DEATH APPEARED. THE CLOWN'S VOICE DROPPED MENACINGLY...



GREG THRUST THE SCRAP OF CLOTH INTO HIS POCKET AND JOINED BILL LEADBETTER OUTSIDE...



FOR THE NEXT HOUR, GREG CONCENTRATED ON THE DANGEROUS JOB HE HAD BEEN HIRED FOR...



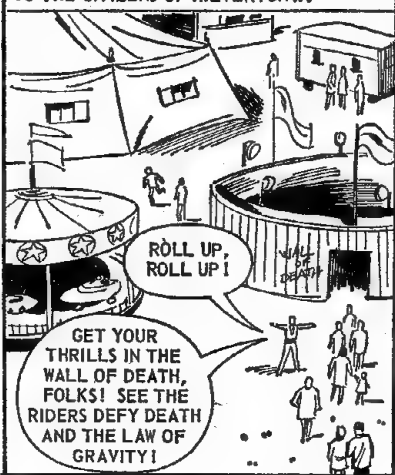
BILL WAS A TALKATIVE CHARACTER... TOO TALKATIVE FOR BRAD CARSON, WHO APPEARED AS THEY WERE FINISHING THEIR WORKOUT ...



WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD, BRAD LEFT...



THAT NIGHT, ROLLO'S CIRCUS AND FAIRGROUND OPENED ITS NEON-LIT GATES TO THE CITIZENS OF KILVERTON...

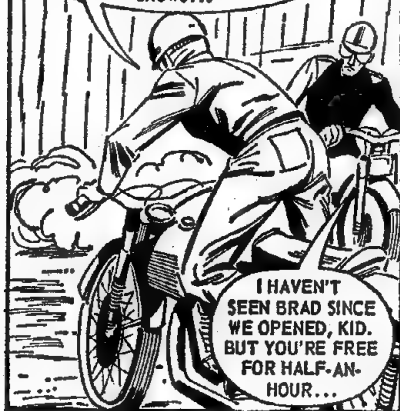


IN THE ROARING WOODEN BOWL OF THE WALL OF DEATH, THE PACKED CROWD GASPED AS BILL AND GREG HURLED THEIR MACHINES THROUGH THE DANGEROUS DUO ROUTINE...



TEN MINUTES LATER, GREG'S FIRST PERFORMANCE ENDED...

KNOW WHERE MISTER CARSON'S GONE, BILL? I WANT A FEW MINUTES OFF BETWEEN SHOWS...



I HAVEN'T SEEN BRAD SINCE WE OPENED, KID. BUT YOU'RE FREE FOR HALF-AN-HOUR...

GREG STRODE ACROSS THE PATCHWORK OF SHADOWS AND LIGHT TOWARDS THE BIG TOP...



THAT CLOWN KNEW SOMETHING - I'VE GOT TO FIND HIM AND MAKE HIM TALK...

HELLO, THAT LOOKS LIKE HIM...

THE CLOWN, ALREADY IN HIS RING COSTUME, WAS TALKING FURTIVELY WITH ANOTHER MAN IN THE ALLEYWAY BETWEEN THE CARAVANS...



GREG DUCKED INTO THE SHADOW OF ONE OF THE CARAVANS TO AVOID BEING SEEN... AND BUMPED INTO THE SHADOWY FIGURE OF A MAN WHO WAS ALREADY HIDING THERE...



IN A MOMENT ALL THREE MEN RAN, TAKEN BY SURPRISE AND SLOW TO REACT, GREG WAS SUDDENLY ALONE...

WHAT THE HECK'S GOING ON? THERE WAS A THIRD MAN SPYING ON THE CLOWN AND THE BLOKE HE WAS TALKING TO...

GREG MADE HIS WAY BACK TO THE BIG TOP. ROLLO'S CIRCUS WAS IN FULL SWING BEFORE A PACKED AUDIENCE AND IN THE RING WAS THE CLOWN HE WAS LOOKING FOR...

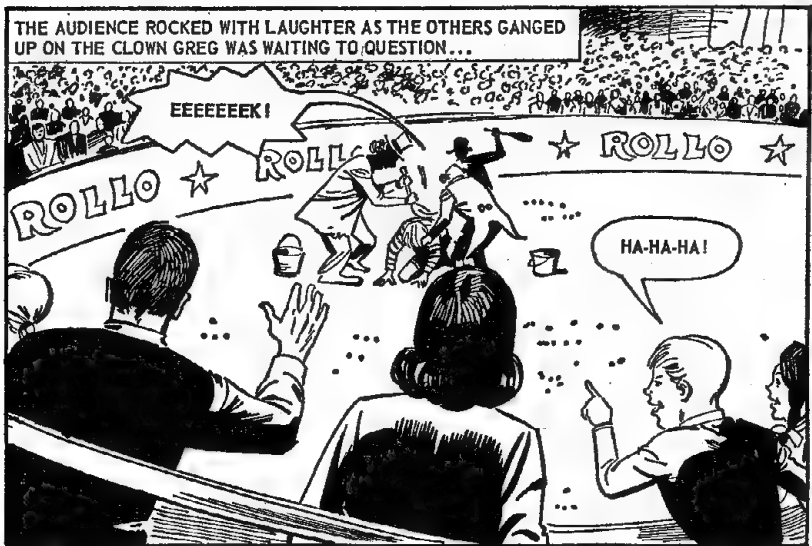
I'D BETTER HANG AROUND TILL HE'S DONE HIS ACT. AND THEN HAVE IT OUT WITH HIM...

NOW, FOLKS. THE CRAZY CHARACTERS YOU ALL LOVE. BOCO AND HIS CLOWNS!

GREG STOOD WATCHING THE CLOWNS IN THEIR KNOCKABOUT PAPER-HANGING ACT...



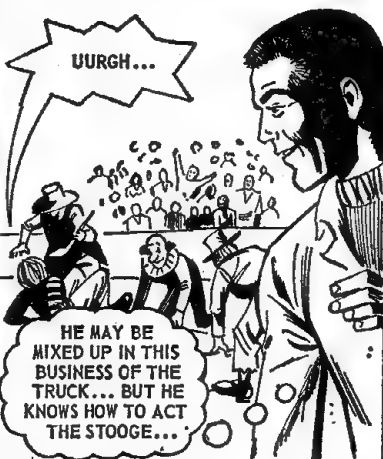
THE AUDIENCE ROCKED WITH LAUGHTER AS THE OTHERS GANGED UP ON THE CLOWN GREG WAS WAITING TO QUESTION...



THE GROTESQUE MOUTH OF THE LITTLE CLOWN GAPED IN COMIC TERROR AS THE FURIOUS BRUSHES SPLASHED PASTE ON HIS FACE...



EVEN GREG LAUGHED AT THE CLOWNS' CRAZY ANTICS...



AT THE CLIMAX OF THEIR ACT, THE THREE OTHER CLOWNS CARRIED THEIR PARTNER OUT OF THE RING INSIDE A GIANT ROLL OF WALLPAPER...



THEN A SIXTH SENSE, SOME UNCANNY FEELING OF FOREBODING MADE GREG LOOK BACK...



GREG KNELT TO THE ROLL OF WALLPAPER AND TUGGED IT OPEN, DRY-MOUTHED WITH SUDDEN FEAR...



THE DOCTOR'S EXAMINATION WAS BRIEF FOR THERE WAS NOTHING HE COULD DO...



GREG LISTENED NUMBLY TO THE BUSY VOICES...



JACK ROLLO'S SMOOTH VOICE DID NOT CONVINCE GREG. HE KNEW, INSTINCTIVELY, THAT HE HAD JUST WITNESSED A COLD-BLOODED MURDER...



STILL SHOCKED GREG FOLLOWED BRAD CARSON FROM THE RING...



BILL WAS WAITING INSIDE THE WALL OF DEATH...

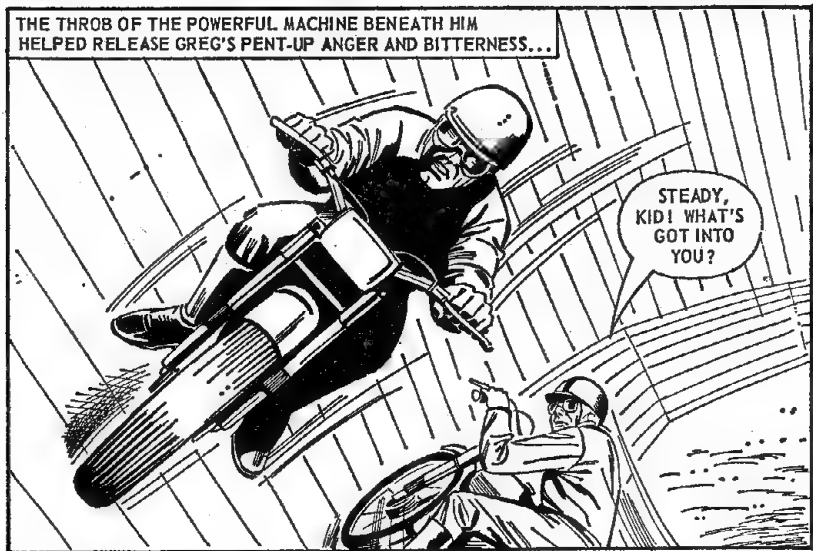
I HEARD
THE BUZZ,
GREG. THAT
POOR BLOKE
NEVER DID
ANYONE ANY
HARM...

BUT HE
MIGHT HAVE
DONE - SO
HE HAD TO
DIE!

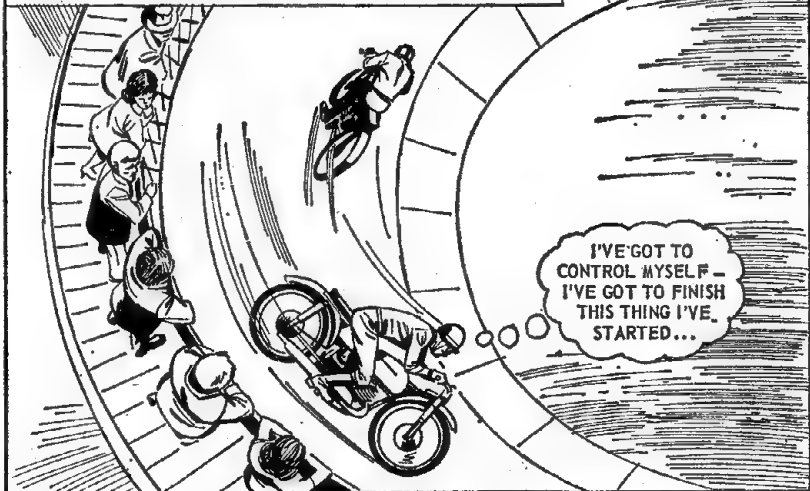


THE THROB OF THE POWERFUL MACHINE BENEATH HIM
HELPED RELEASE GREG'S PENT-UP ANGER AND BITTERNESS...

STEADY,
KID! WHAT'S
GOT INTO
YOU?



GREG EASED DOWN ON THE THROTTLE AS THE MACHINE ROARED DIZZILY AROUND THE ALMOST VERTICAL SIDES OF THE WALL...



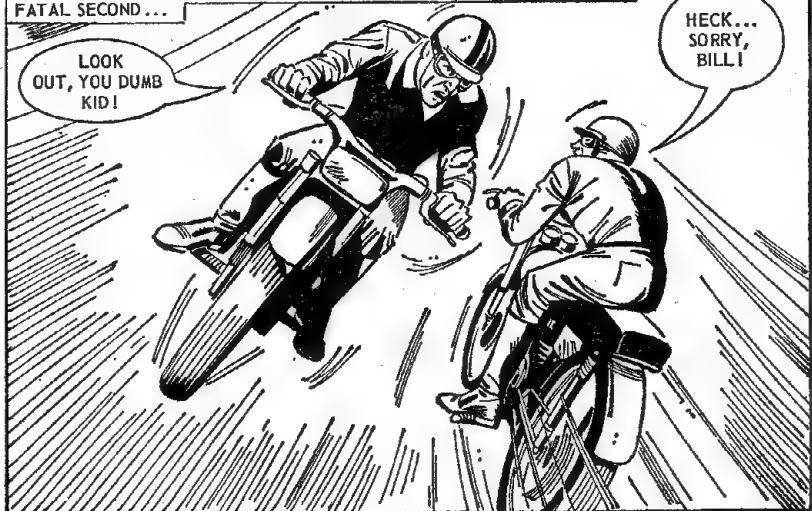
THEN A TRICK OF LIGHT SEEMED TO ISOLATE ONE SINGLE FACE IN THE BLURRED MASS OF THE GAPING CROWD ABOVE...



SHOCK FROZE GREG'S HANDS ON THE CONTROLS FOR ONE VITAL, ALMOST FATAL SECOND...

LOOK
OUT, YOU DUMB
KID!

HECK...
SORRY,
BILL!

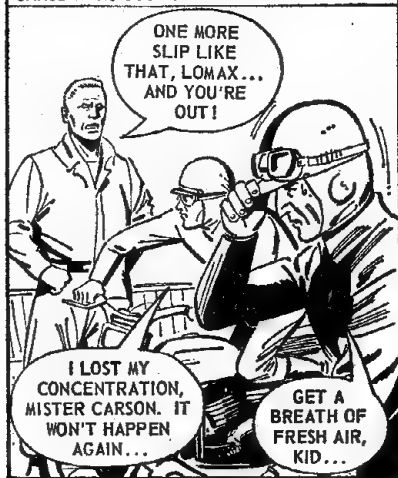


GREG PULLED HIMSELF TOGETHER FOR THE REST OF THE SHOW, BUT BRAD CARSON WAS GOOD AND ANGRY WITH HIM...

ONE MORE
SLIP LIKE
THAT, LOMAX...
AND YOU'RE
OUT!

I LOST MY
CONCENTRATION,
MISTER CARSON. IT
WON'T HAPPEN
AGAIN...

GET A
BREATH OF
FRESH AIR,
KID...



AS GREG WALKED OUT OF THE GLARING LIGHT OF THE BOOTH INTO THE SHADOWY FAIRGROUND...

THAT'S
HIM AGAIN!



THE MAN LASHED OUT AT GREG WITH SUDDEN VICIOUS ANGER, TAKING THE YOUNGSTER BY SURPRISE...

I DON'T
KNOW WHO YOU ARE,
FRIEND, BUT -
UUUUUH!

YOU'LL
SOON FIND
OUT!



DAZED AND HELPLESS, GREG WAS HUSTLED TO A SHUTTERED AND DESERTED BOOTH NEARBY...

WE CAN
HAVE A NICE
COSY TALK IN
HERE!

GHOST TRAIN



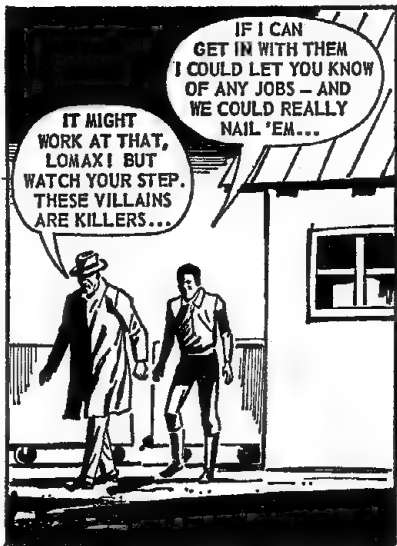
UUH...
WAIT...

IN THE GROTESQUE SHADOWS OF THE GHOST TRAIN TUNNEL, GREG GOT A SECOND AND MORE WELCOME SHOCK...

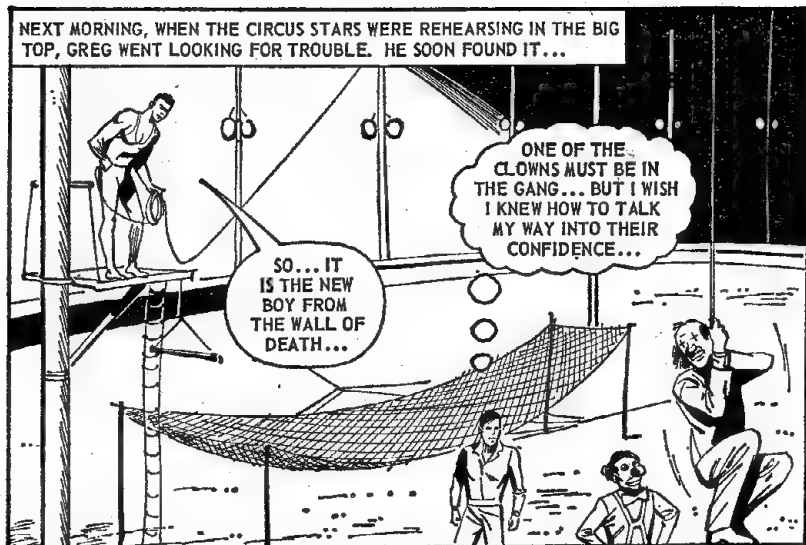


GREG TALKED FAST...

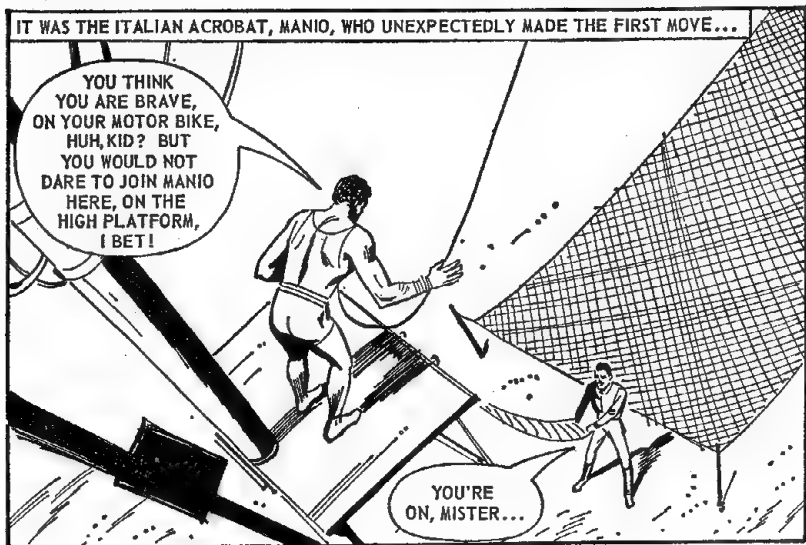




NEXT MORNING, WHEN THE CIRCUS STARS WERE REHEARSING IN THE BIG TOP, GREG WENT LOOKING FOR TROUBLE. HE SOON FOUND IT...



IT WAS THE ITALIAN ACROBAT, MANIO, WHO UNEXPECTEDLY MADE THE FIRST MOVE...



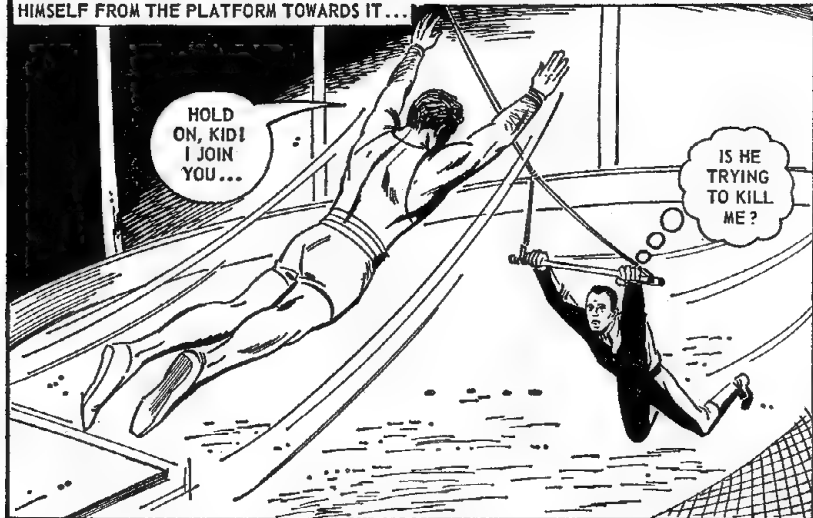
AS GREG CLIMBED UP TO JOIN HIM, THE ITALIAN SUDDENLY GRINNED - AND FREED THE ROPE WHICH HELD THE TRAPEZE...

CLIMBING THE LADDER IS NOTHING, YOUNG ONE... LET US SEE HOW YOU LIKE THE TRAPEZE...

HEY!

GREG SWUNG OUT HIGH ABOVE THE RING, CLUTCHING THE RUNG OF THE TRAPEZE WITH ONE FRANTIC HAND, HIS HEART LURCHING...

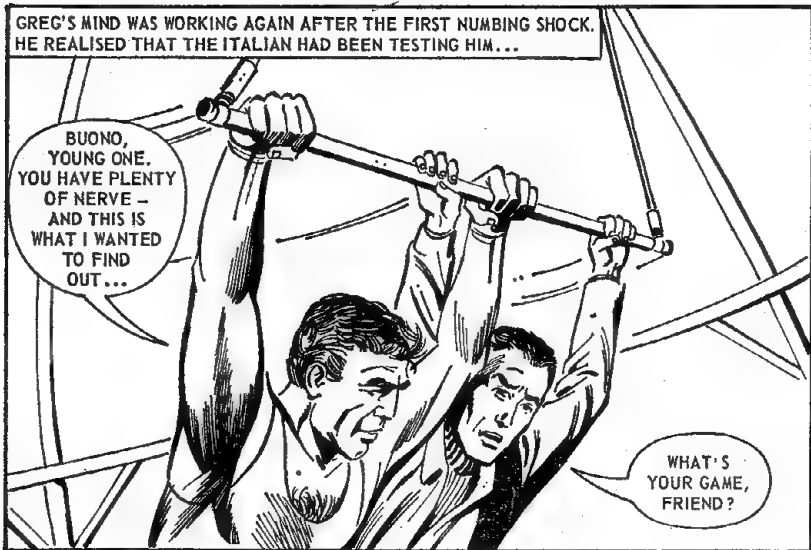
AS THE TRAPEZE SWUNG GREG BACK IN A LONG ARC TOWARDS THE PLATFORM, MANIO FLUNG HIMSELF FROM THE PLATFORM TOWARDS IT...



HOLD
ON, KID!
I JOIN
YOU...

IS HE
TRYING
TO KILL
ME?

GREG'S MIND WAS WORKING AGAIN AFTER THE FIRST NUMBING SHOCK. HE REALISED THAT THE ITALIAN HAD BEEN TESTING HIM...



BUONO,
YOUNG ONE.
YOU HAVE PLENTY
OF NERVE -
AND THIS IS
WHAT I WANTED
TO FIND
OUT...

WHAT'S
YOUR GAME,
FRIEND?



ONE OF THE CIRCUS CLOWNS, AND THE TIGHTROPE-SPECIALIST NAMED VICTOR, HAD BEEN WATCHING GREG AND MANIO FROM THE RING BELOW...



AFTER TEN MINUTES HARD TALK WITH MANIO, GREG HAD CARRIED OUT THE FIRST STAGE OF HIS PLAN...

IT'S A DEAL, MISTER! WHEN DO YOU RECKON YOU'LL BE NEEDING ME?

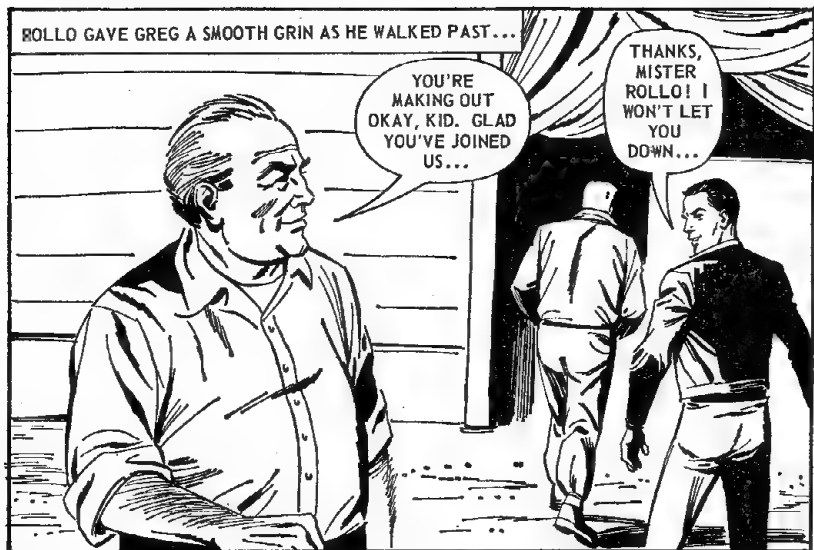
IN A DAY OR TWO, KID. THE BOSS WILL TIP YOU OFF...

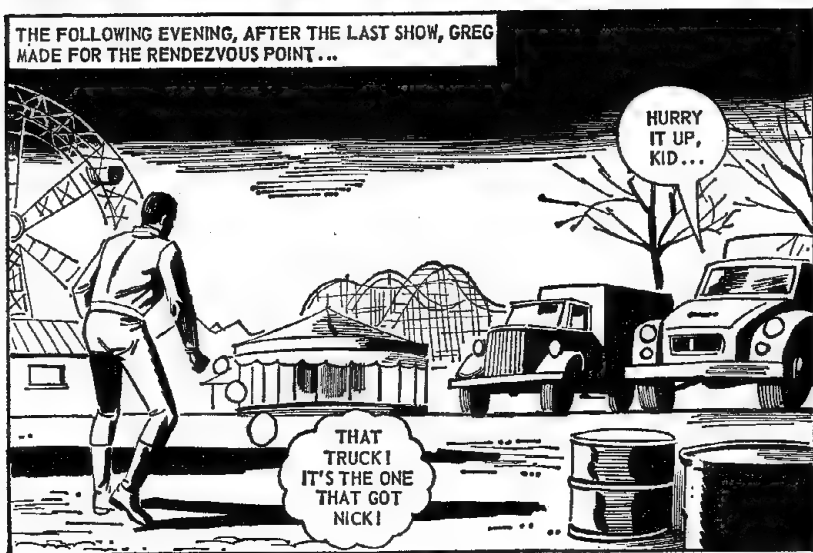
THE CIRCUS OWNER, JACK ROLLO, AND BRAD CARSON HAD STROLLED INTO THE TENT AT THAT MOMENT...

HERE IS THE BOSS NOW, KID. BUT SAY NOTHING TO HIM. HE DOES NOT LIKE THAT WE DISCUSS THIS OVERTIME OF OURS, INSIDE THE CIRCUS...

ROLLO

I GET IT...





TIGHT-LIPPED, GREG CLIMBED INTO THE CAB AND DROVE THE TRUCK ON TO THE ROAD TO KILVERTON...

I WILL GUIDE YOU, KID. THERE'S A FACTORY ON THE TRADING ESTATE. THERE'S TWENTY THOUSAND IN THE OFFICE SAFE THERE TONIGHT...

BUT IT WILL NOT BE THERE TOMORROW MORNING!

THIRTY MINUTES LATER, THE TWO TRUCKS REACHED THE TRADING ESTATE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE TOWN...

DO NOT BE NERVOUS. THIS IS THE SEVENTH JOB WE DO SINCE THE BOSS GETS US TOGETHER - AND WE DO NOT MAKE A MISTAKE YET...

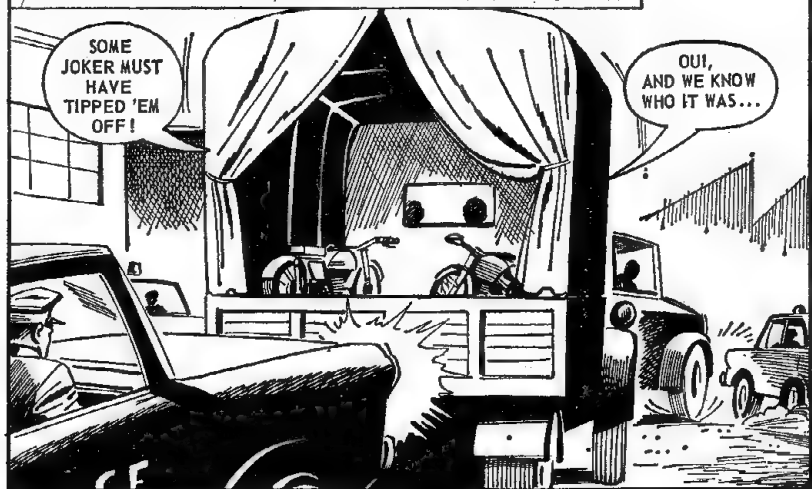
STENNING
CHEMICAL
LABORATORY

OKAY,
KID. DRIVE
IN!

AS THE TRUCKS SWUNG INTO THE FACTORY YARD, THE SUDDEN HARSH GLARE OF HEADLAMPS SPLIT THE DARKNESS...



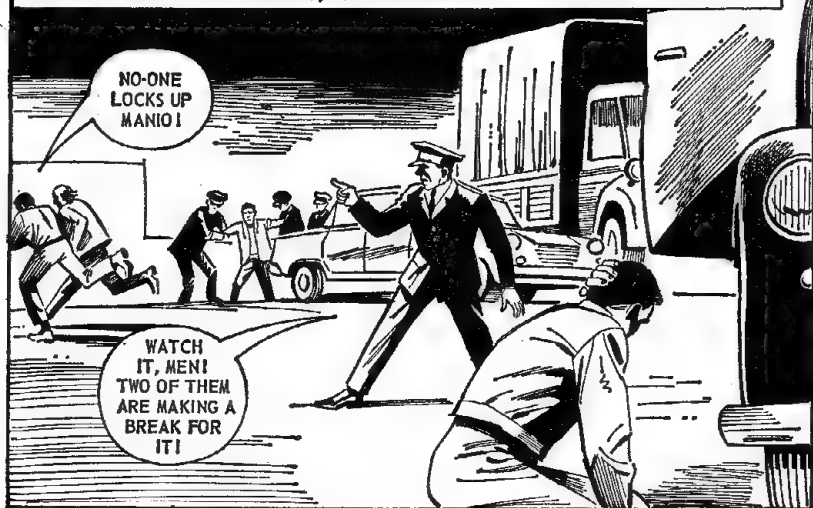
A RADIO NET, MONITORED BY THE CAR SHADOWING THE TRUCKS, HAD BROUGHT A PACK OF PATROL CARS CONVERGING ON THE CIRCUS GANG...



VICTOR SWUNG A FIST AT GREG, KNOCKING HIM BACKWARDS OUT OF THE CAB...



GREG LAY STUNNED FOR A MOMENT, AS THE POLICE WADED IN TO ROUND UP THE GANG...



VICTOR AND MANIO USED THEIR SPECIALISED TALENTS IN A LAST DESPERATE BID TO ESCAPE FROM THE POLICE NET...



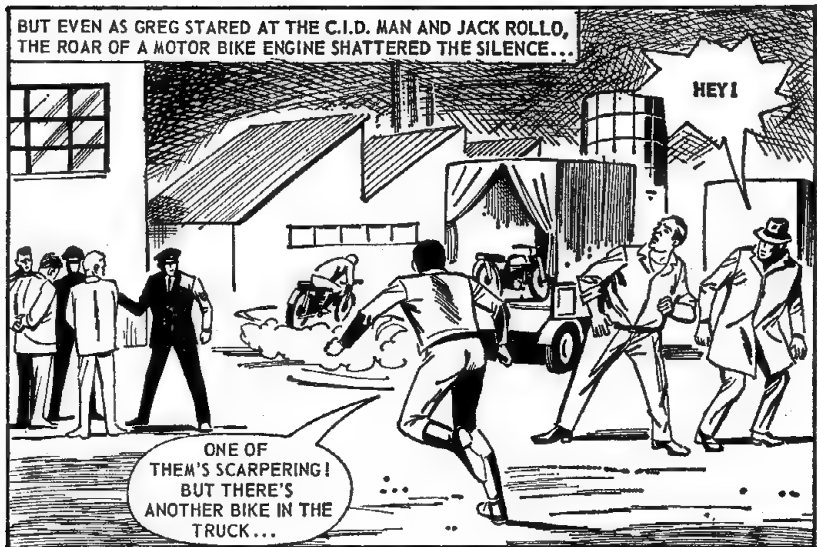
BUT THE NET HAD BEEN CAST TOO WIDE. THE FACTORY WAS NOW SWARMING WITH POLICEMEN.



GREG STRUGGLED TO HIS FEET, SHAKING OFF THE EFFECTS OF VICTOR'S SAVAGE BLOW.



BUT EVEN AS GREG STARED AT THE C.I.D. MAN AND JACK ROLLO, THE ROAR OF A MOTOR BIKE ENGINE SHATTERED THE SILENCE...



GREG HAULED THE BIKE FROM THE BACK OF THE TRUCK, AND FLUNG A LEG OVER THE SADDLE...

WAIT, KID!

I SAID I'D GET THE LOT OF 'EM, LOCKYER! YOU HOLD ON TO ROLLO!



THE CIRCUS OWNER CLUTCHED AT LOCKYER AS THE DETECTIVE TURNED TO RUN...

HERE, SERGEANT, HE DOESN'T THINK I'M MIXED UP IN THIS ROTTEN BUSINESS, DOES HE? I MEAN I TOLD YOU I WAS SUSPICIOUS ABOUT THE ACCIDENT...

ALL RIGHT, ROLLO. WE KNOW YOU'RE IN THE CLEAR...



THE FUGITIVE ON THE MOTOR BIKE SLEWED HIS MACHINE INTO A NARROW DOORWAY IN THE SHADOWS, IN A FRANTIC ATTEMPT TO SHAKE OFF HIS PURSUER...

YOUNG GREG DOESN'T REALISE THAT THE MAN HE'S CHASING IS THE GANGLER!



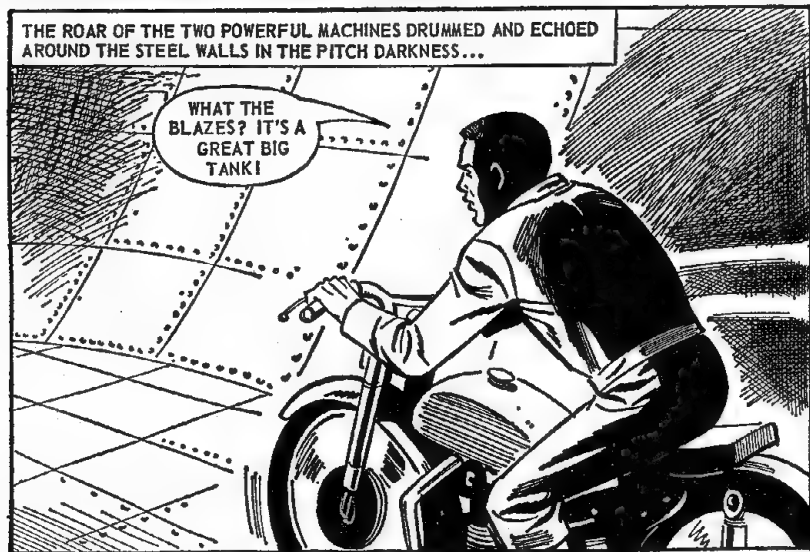
THE DOORWAY GAVE ACCESS TO THE BASE OF A VAST INVERTED BOWL OF STEEL...



THE KID'S IN
GRAVE DANGER, ROLLO!
THE MAN HE'S CHASING IS NOT
ONLY THE GANG BOSS —
HE'S A KILLER!

HE'S LED
THE KID INTO AN
EMPTY STORAGE
TANK...

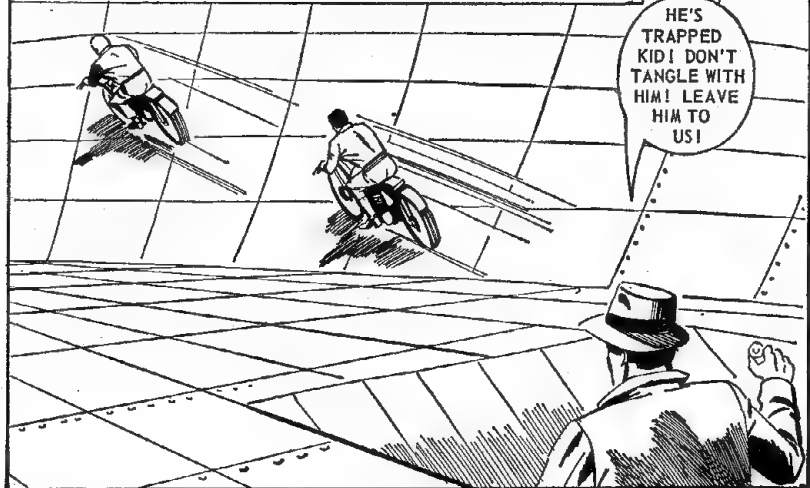
THE ROAR OF THE TWO POWERFUL MACHINES DRUMMED AND ECHOED
AROUND THE STEEL WALLS IN THE PITCH DARKNESS...



WHAT THE
BLAZES? IT'S A
GREAT BIG
TANK!

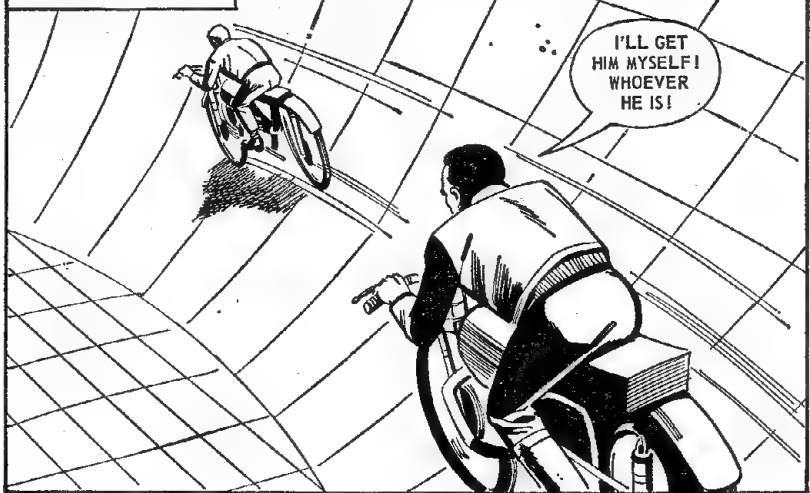
THEN THE POLICEMAN, LOCKYER, FLICKED A SWITCH AT THE NARROW ACCESS DOORWAY BELOW, AND A HARSH LIGHT FLOODED THE INTERIOR...

HE'S TRAPPED KID! DON'T TANGLE WITH HIM! LEAVE HIM TO US!



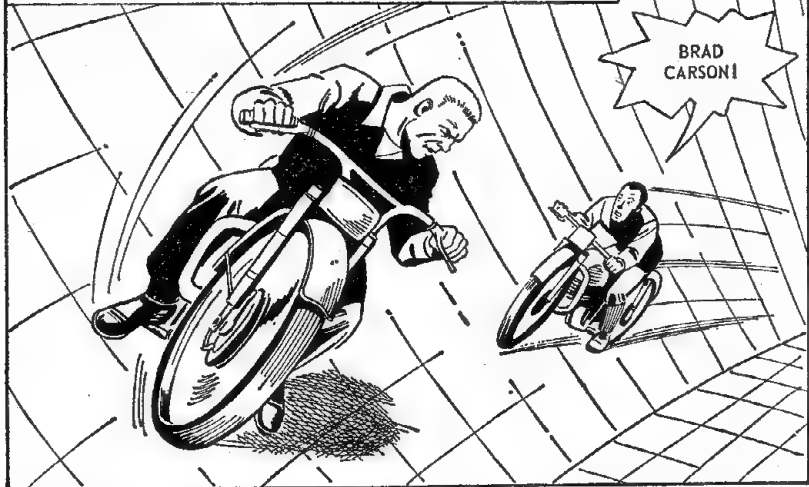
GREG HURLED HIS MACHINE AROUND THE CURVING WALLS, CIRCLING GRIMLY AFTER HIS QUARRY...

I'LL GET HIM MYSELF! WHOEVER HE IS!



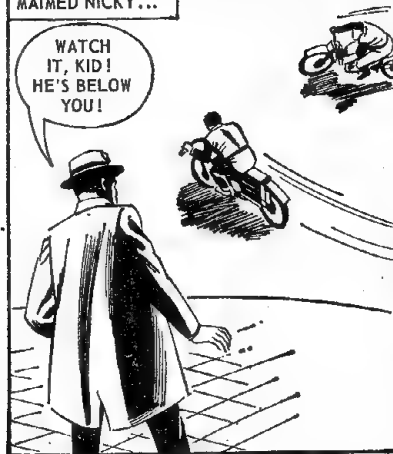
AS THE MAN SWUNG HIS MOTOR BIKE DOWNWARDS ACROSS GREG'S PATH, HE TURNED HIS FACE TOWARDS THE YOUNGSTER...

BRAD
CARSON!

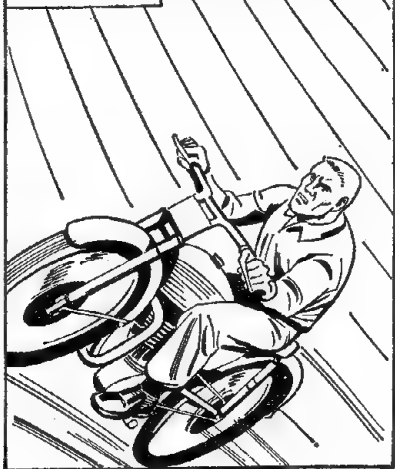


THE VETERAN GREG HAD TRUSTED, THE ONE MAN HE HAD NEVER SUSPECTED, WAS THE BOSS OF THE GANG WHO HAD MAIMED NICKY...

WATCH
IT, KID!
HE'S BELOW
YOU!



AS BRAD CARSON CLOSED ON GREG, THE YOUNGSTER COULD SEE THE MURDER IN HIS EYES...



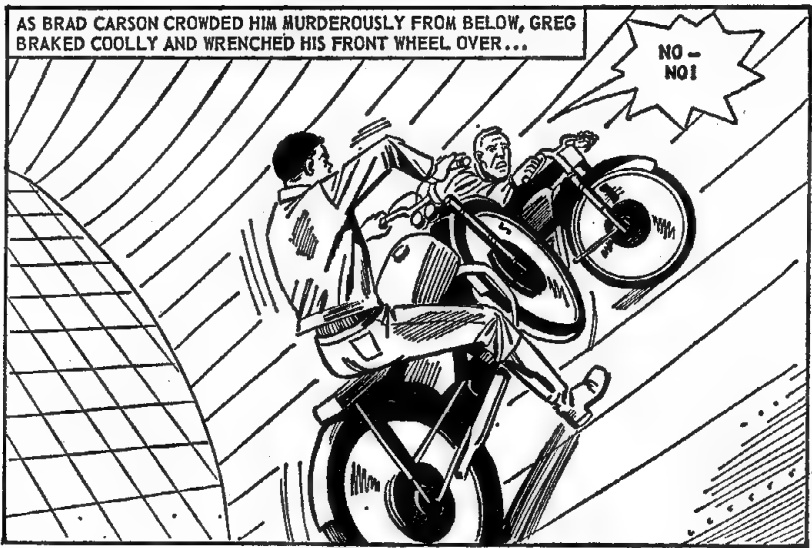
THE TWO MACHINES WERE HURLING AROUND NOW AT THE VERY TOP OF THE TANK, JUST BELOW THE STEEL ROOF...

YOU TIPPED
OFF THE LAW,
LOMAX - NOW YOU'RE
GOING TO PAY
FOR IT...



AS BRAD CARSON CROWDED HIM MURDEROUSLY FROM BELOW, GREG
BRAKED COOLLY AND WRENCHED HIS FRONT WHEEL OVER...

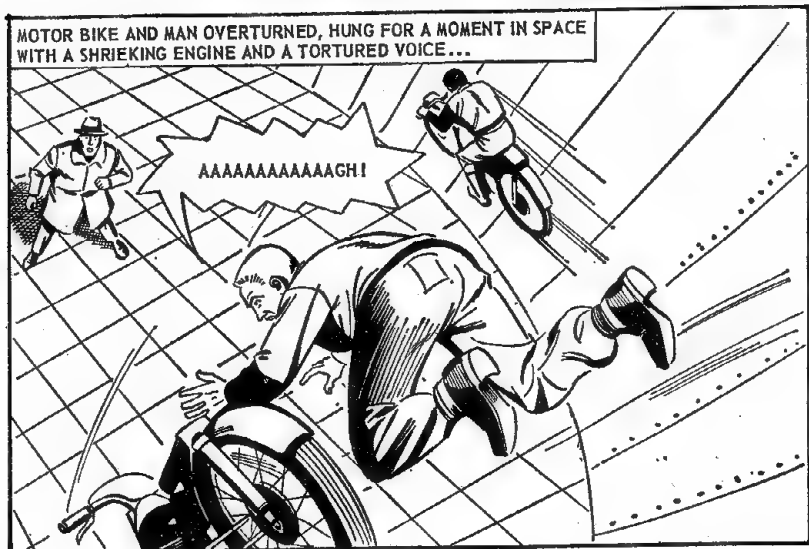
NO -
NO!



THE KILLER OVERSHOT. HE HAD NO ROOM TO TURN, AND NO TIME. HIS FRONT WHEEL HIT THE HORIZONTAL PLANE OF THE ROOF AND LOST TRACTION...



MOTOR BIKE AND MAN OVERTURNED, HUNG FOR A MOMENT IN SPACE WITH A SHRIEKING ENGINE AND A TORTURED VOICE...



THE DETECTIVE RAN TO THE CRUMPLED BODY OF BRAD CARSON...

MISTER LOCKYER... IS HE...?

YEAH, KID. HE'S DEAD...

I RECKON THAT WRAPS UP THE CASE, KID...

ROLLO WILL HAVE TO GET A COUPLE OF NEW ACTS FOR HIS CIRCUS... AND A NEW MANAGER FOR THE WALL OF DEATH...

GREG LOMAX RODE BACK TO COLEPORT NEXT DAY. THERE WAS A POLICE CAR WAITING IN THE FORECOURT OF THE HOSPITAL...

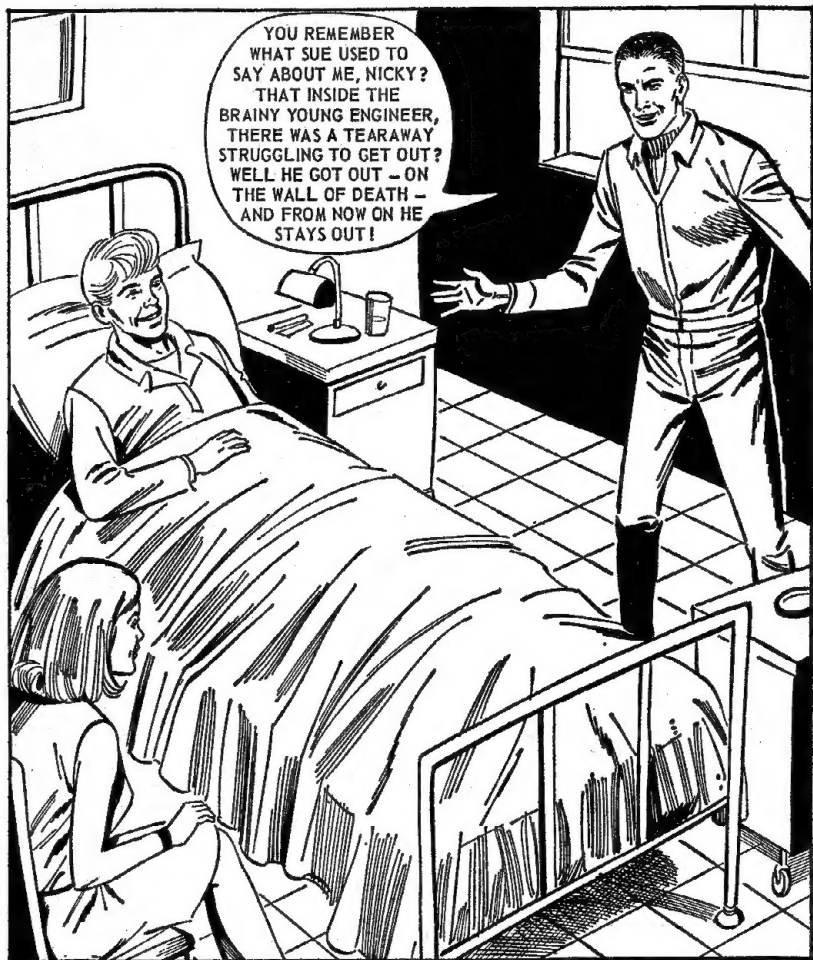
YOU CAME HERE TO MEET ME, INSPECTOR?

YES, LOMAX. SERGEANT LOCKYER RANG ME FROM KILVERTON. I RECKON I OWE YOU AN APOLOGY...



NICKY MARTIN'S GIRL FRIEND WAS WITH HIM IN THE HOSPITAL ROOM. ONE LOOK AT HER FACE TOLD GREG ALL HE WANTED TO KNOW...





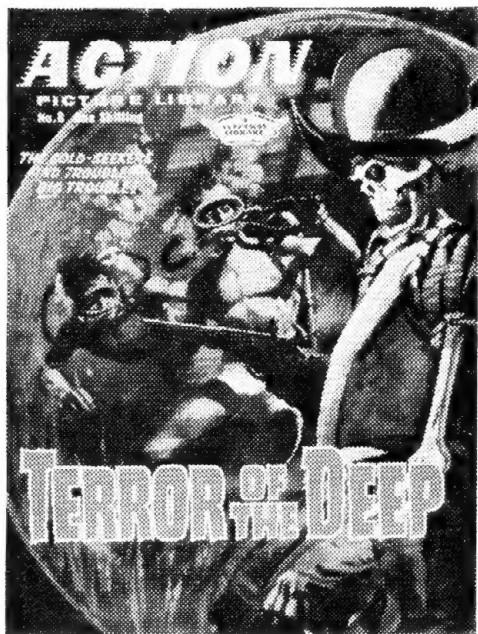
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